

HE FACED EIGHT HUNDRED KILOS

A TAURINE POEM

By Hugh Hosch
"Hugo el Verdugo"

Into the ring he trod so bold,
A daunting task had he.
He faced eight hundred kilos,
An awesome sight to see.

The public cried "*¡Vergüenza!*"
The judge's ears to hear,
For they saw eight hundred kilos
And the plaza reeked of fear.

"Too big! Too big!" The people screamed,
Not that they weren't macho,
But they squirmed: eight hundred kilos!
In the fabled Plaza Acho.

A bad dream? No, no, this was true,
A thing quite real -- no *sueño*.
Yes, he faced eight hundred kilos
And he was *muy pequeño*.

Gasps and groans rose from the crowd,
This sight of horror 'fore their eyes.
For he faced eight hundred kilos
And the groans turned into cries.

Nearer, nearer, the looming thing
Did close in on his prey,
A dread eight hundred kilos
Bent on death this day.

Men lamented, women wailed,
Eyes shielded in their fright,
For he faced eight hundred kilos
And he'd never see this night.

And now the hour of truth was here,
The time of life or death,
For he faced eight hundred kilos
As the people held their breath.

They merged as one, in cataclysm,
All heard the thunder roll,
As he met eight hundred kilos
And the reaper took his toll.

Then eyes reopened, people stared,
Their faces taut with dread.
But look! Eight hundred kilos
Just lying there, stone dead!

The tiny bull had triumphed,
Thus the public reasoned that
If one weighs eight hundred kilos,
A torero's too damned fat!